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The Critic

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Literature

Native American Civilizations

1. *Eighth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology.* By J. W. Powell, Director. Washington: Government Printing Office.
2. *The Native Calendar of Central America and Mexico.* By Daniel G. Brinton. Philadelphia: MacCalla & Co.

AFTER THE usual fashion of Government publications, the Eighth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology (1), though prepared for the year 1886-7, and bearing the imprint of 1891, is but just distributed. Happily its contents are not of a kind to lose in interest by the lapse of time. The two papers which make up the greater portion of this ponderous volume are entitled "A Study of Pueblo Architecture: Tusayan and Cibola" (by Victor Mindeleff), which fills 220 quarto pages, and the "Ceremonial of Hasjelti Dailjis, and Mythical Sand Painting of the Navajo Indians" (by James Stevenson), which occupies 150 pages. Both will be welcomed by students of American ethnology and archaeology, as highly important aids in their inquiries. The last-named derives a sad interest from the fact that it was almost the latest contribution of the accomplished author to his favorite sciences before his lamented death.

Both papers are evidently the result of years of careful and discriminating research; and both refer to aboriginal tribes of that peculiar region of North America, lying principally in Arizona and New Mexico, where among the Pueblo villages, or in the deserted abodes of the Cliff-Dwellers, and on the large and populous reservation of the ingenious Navajos, the elements of nascent civilization on our continent can best be studied. We cannot pretend to give even an outline of their contents, and must be satisfied with presenting, in a few words, the conclusions of the writers, mainly as they are summarized by the Director in his introductory remarks. As regards the work of Mr. Mindeleff, we are told that "the general outlines of the development of architecture, wherein the ancient builders were stimulated to the best use of the exceptional materials about them both by the difficult conditions of their semi-desert environment and by constant necessity for protection against their neighbors, can be traced in its various stages of growth, from the primitive conical lodge to its culmination in the large communal village of many-storied terraced buildings which were in use at the time of the Spanish discovery, and which still survive in Zufii." Respecting Mr. Stevenson's paper, we are informed that the title "signifies, in the Navajo tongue, the dance of Hasjelti, who is the chief or rather the most important and conspicuous of the gods." It is really, however, rather a drama than a dance. It lasts for nine days, and "the personation of the various gods and their attendants and the acted drama of their personal adventures and displayed powers exhibit features of peculiar interest." The numerous and carefully regulated ceremonials and stage-properties, the choral chants, invocations, processions and dances, recall the ancient Greek religious rites, out of which grew the æsthetic part of the Greek theatre. Both essays are profusely illustrated with pictures, in which the resources of photography and color-painting bring to the student's knowledge, far more vividly than words could do, the characteristics of the notable Pueblo buildings, and the no less notable and curious sand-paintings, masks and other dramatic accessories of the Navajos. The whole, with the Director's introduction, constitutes a work most creditable to its authors, and cannot fail to make an important addition to the well-earned scientific reputation of the Bureau.

Prof. Brinton, in his study of the native Calendar of Central America and Mexico (2), has applied his extensive knowledge of Indian languages and symbolism to the task of dis-

closing the true origin and purpose of this calendar, which he regards, with justice, as being without doubt "the most remarkable of all the intellectual monuments which remain to us of the native race of the Western Continent." He reminds us that years ago Alexander von Humboldt assigned to it the first rank among the proofs that these tribes had reached a certain degree of true civilization. Indeed, so deeply did its intricacies impress him that he could not believe it to be of native origin, and sought for its chief principles a source among the older civilizations of Asia. Later researches, however, have shown that this hypothesis is not only unnecessary, but is contrary to the evidence. "The peculiarities which mark this Calendar belong to itself alone, and differ completely from those on which the time-counts and astronomical measurements of the ancient nations of the Old World were based. It is," concludes our author, "strangely and absolutely independent and American in its origin and development."

To specify all the peculiarities of this singular Calendar, whose abstrusities have perplexed some of the acutest archaeologists of Europe and America, would occupy far too much space. It must suffice to say that the Mexicans and Mayas did not divide their year, like most uncultured tribes, into thirteen lunar months of twenty-eight days, or, like ourselves, into twelve arbitrary months of thirty-one, thirty, twenty-eight and (quadrennially) twenty-nine days. In lieu of the former misleading and the latter irregular system, they adopted a constant month (if such it may be termed) of twenty days, in convenient accordance with their vigesimal system of reckoning. Eighteen of these months, with five, and occasionally, it would seem, six intercalary days, made up their year. So accurate was their measurement that, according to the statement of many writers, certain native festivals were observed precisely on days of the year fixed by the European Calendar. At the present time, in fact, some of the nominally Christian Indians continue to reckon by this ancient Calendar, and regulate by it certain recurrent festivals and rites of their own.

Each of the twenty days had its name, and Prof. Brinton, by a careful exposition and comparison of the meaning of these names, has been able to show that they must have had a common source in one centre, whence they have spread to the numerous branches of no less than seven distinct linguistic stocks, which have adopted this Calendar and have reckoned their time by it for many centuries. He has further brought out the remarkable fact, never before discerned, that the names of the days form a regular and significant series, symbolizing the life of man, from the beginning of his bodily existence and the entrance of his soul, to his death and the arrival of his soul in the land of spirits. This accords with the well-known fact that among all those peoples, ancient and modern, who have adopted the vigesimal notation, the number twenty, based upon the fingers and toes, is considered equivalent to a complete man. The inventors of this extraordinary Calendar have, with a truly surprising acumen, worthy of the highest achievements of intellect displayed by the old Egyptians, turned this fact to religious and monitory account in the construction of their work.

It is evident that in all future discussions of the many interesting questions which relate to the origin and growth of civilization, and to the comparative intellectual capacities of the different races of men, the novel facts supplied by the publications here briefly reviewed will demand special consideration.

Since the foregoing was written, the Ninth Annual Report of the Bureau (for the year 1887-8) has been received, containing interesting memoirs, which will be noticed hereafter.

"The Rulers of the Mediterranean"

By Richard Harding Davis. Harper & Bros.

TRAVEL is a kaleidoscope-tube through which each individual observer sees a combination different from that which his predecessor beheld. All look at the same objects, but the small falling bits of crystal arrange themselves so magically! A little mathematical sprite plays all sorts of tricks with the angles and curves and refractions, and the result is now a commonplace cube, now an exquisite polygon, now a pavement of shimmering lights and colors. The twisting or turning hand has much to do with it.

What different and delightful effects Irving and Gautier and De Amicis and Lathrop brought back from Spain, that beautiful mosaic fertile in symmetrical variegations. On the other hand, how many colorless-minded people have touched those magic shores without ever showing any sense of the contact. The shores of the Mediterranean ought to be an epic theme to the traveller. All that is greatest and noblest in antiquity was enacted under those mountains, around those peninsulas, among those beautiful isles, in and out of those blue fjords. What has happened there since has been almost as wonderful and fully as picturesque. A sail round the great Midland Sea is a sail in a scenic fairyland where Prince Polyglot is king and the attendant fairies jabber an infinity of dialects. A very sympathetic mind is required for such a journey—poetic, receptive, bright, original.

Mr. Davis, the author of the reminiscences before us, has some of these qualities in a considerable degree. Brightness, perhaps, is the one quality dominant above others in his book, and an extreme modernness, which occasionally amounts almost to *naïveté*. America is in his mind all the time that he is looking at these old countries. American contrasts, American characteristics, American progress and push crop up irresistibly as he gazes on decaying old Morocco, immemorial Egypt or ruined Greece. His book is like the comment of an extremely clever child passing before the Elgin marbles, the Boulak mummies or the Vatican Belvedere—and a child that never forgets its nationality. This gives a charming sprightliness to nearly every page of "The Rulers of the Mediterranean"—the comment is so fresh, so flowing, so unhackneyed, on subjects anything but fresh. The author begins at Gibraltar, and gives us pages of new and original observation on that veteran rock seamed and scarred with the comment of innumerable travellers. When he gets to Egypt, even the Sphinx puts on a young smile, robes herself as "sweet sixteen," and chats amiably in the language of the nineteenth century. The humor and irony of "The Englishman in Egypt" make a naturally heavy subject as light as a thread of mercury. English selfishness and covetousness are pitilessly perforated by these shafts of airy sarcasm, and the greed of the Briton, under the guise of the "disinterested observer," is made to emerge in truly comic proportions.

Even when he is remembering Mark Twain, Mr. Davis is always himself: he never runs the pseudo-serious into the ground or over-elaborates his humor. The British "Tommy," for example, is admirably hit off in the following Gibraltar scene:—"You see three soldiers coming at you with a quick step, talking and grinning, alert and jaunty, and suddenly the upper part of their three bodies becomes rigid, though their legs continue as before, apparently of their own volition, and their hands go up and their pipes and grins disappear, and they pass you with eyes set like dead men's eyes, and palms facing you as though they were trying to learn which way the wind was blowing. This is done, you discover, to the passing of a stout gentleman in knickerbockers, who switches his rattan stick in the air in reply. Sometimes when he salutes, the soldier stops altogether, and so his walks abroad are punctuated at every twenty yards. It takes an ordinary soldier in Gibraltar one hour to walk ten minutes."

Of Athens he remarks:—"It is a pretty city, with the look of a water color. The houses are a light yellow, and the tile roofs a delicate red, and the sky above a blue seldom shown

to ordinary mortals, but reserved for the eyes of painters and poets, who have a sort of second sight, and so are always seeing it and using it for a background. Athens is a very new city, with new streets and new public buildings, and a new King and Royal Palace. It is like a little miniature. There is a little army, chiefly composed of officers, and a miniature cabinet, and a beautiful miniature university, and everybody knows everybody else."

"Cairo as a Show-Place" is a very delightful chapter, abounding in such little touches as the following:—"The bazars are very much as one imagines they should be, the fact that impresses you most about them being, I think, that such beautiful things should come out from such queer little holes of dirt and poverty, and that you should stand ankle-deep in mud while you are handling turquoises and gold filigree-work as delicate as that of Regent Street or Broadway." "To properly appreciate the camel you should ride him and experience his getting up and his sitting down. He never does either of these things the same way twice. Sometimes he breaks one leg in two or three places where it had never been broken before, and sinks or rises in a north-easterly direction, and then suddenly changes his course and lurches up from the rear, and you grasp his neck wildly, only to find that he is sinking rapidly to one side, and rising, with a jump equal to that of a horse taking a fence, in the front."

"Essays on Questions of the Day, Political and Social"

By Goldwin Smith. Macmillan & Co.

THESE ESSAYS, the author states, are the outcome of his discussions of the questions with which they deal, and they are to be taken, we suppose, as the expressions of his final opinion on them. He declares himself a liberal of the old school; but his right to that title is likely to be contested by several of his readers, as some of the essays in this volume are distinctly reactionary. This is especially the case with the one on "The Political Crisis in England," in which Prof. Smith expressly says that popular government is perishing and the elective system a failure. He declares that the masses are "incapable of self-guidance" and "blindly follow a leader about whom many of them know nothing but his name" (p. 109), and he thinks it not unlikely that government by the people will eventually lead to civil war. With such a disparaging opinion of the masses, one would expect him to be a strong advocate of free education as the only effectual means of averting the dangers he fears; but with singular inconsistency he opposes it, declaring it to be socialistic, and only acquiesces in it because he is obliged to do so.

Such views can hardly be called liberal; still, there is much in Prof. Smith's discussion of the prevalent political tendencies that is wise and worthy of attention. His treatment of socialism will meet the approval of sensible men, though there is nothing in it that is new, and he has a thoughtful paper on woman suffrage, presenting the usual arguments against it in a fair and impressive manner. The essays on the Irish Question and on Disestablishment deal with matters of present importance in British politics, while neither is without interest to the rest of the world. Prof. Smith's opposition to Home-Rule is well-known, but his arguments against it do not strike us so forcibly as some others that we have seen. He favors the disestablishment of the Church, giving excellent reasons therefor, and demonstrates from present tendencies of thought and action that it must come at no distant day. Two of the best and most interesting papers in the book are those on the condition and prospects of the British Empire, and on the Jewish question. He reminds his countrymen of the sublime duty that lies before them in India, and also of the dangers that threaten in that direction, but he treats Imperial Federation as a dream, and maintains that it would be better for the Mother Country if the self-governing colonies were to become independent. In speaking of the Jews, he justly says that the dislike and occasional persecution which they encounter are due, not to their religion, but to the financial extortion which many

of them practice, and to their tribal exclusiveness, and that, as soon as they abandon these and mingle with the rest of humanity, their troubles will be at an end.

Prof. Smith's book, barring his reactionary views about popular government, is a valuable collection of essays. While not aiming at great originality, it is suggestive and provocative of thought. The style is generally good and interesting, though some of the sentences are too much inverted, and contain too many parenthetical expressions, to be easily understood. His historical knowledge has furnished him with many illustrations, skillfully and tellingly applied. We commend the book to thoughtful Americans, to whom it will be hardly less useful than to its author's own countrymen.

"Methods of Teaching Modern Languages"

Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

FÉNÉLON, WHO WAS a distinguished authority on pedagogics, once said that the best use man can make of the human mind is to distrust it. The same observation might be fruitfully applied to pedagogics, or methods of teaching. The old Greek *παιδαγωγός* simply "led the child," as he was etymologically authorized to do; that is to say, he originally took his charge to school in a physical sense; afterwards, when he conducted his training or his education, the word assumed its later and wider meaning. The teacher was the "leader," the *dux*, who educated or led forth both the pupil and what was contained potentially in him. Human fallibility often made this a *mis*-leading, a seduction, in an intellectual sense; and men, building upon a slippery foundation, erected educational structures like the mediæval *trivium* and *quadrivium*, or the older hide-bound methods of teaching modern languages. They insisted on building the Tower of Babel out of adobe and tar as "high as heaven," only to find that the structure dissolved in the intense sunlight and ran down into the Mesopotamian plain.

Old Montaigne long ago pointed out, saturated as he was with Latin and Greek culture, that entirely too much attention was paid to these ancient tongues. The whole process of education had been imitative from the start. Vergil bows to Theocritus, Horace revels in the delicate metres of Sappho and Alcæus, Plautus is hail-fellow-well-met with Menander. Later on, the whole Renaissance is a burst of rejuvenated Greek and Latin; Petrarch stakes his chances of immortality on Latin hexameters, Erasmus writes "Colloquies" in the same tongue, and Bacon and Newton give birth to "Novum Organum" and "Principia" in an unknown language. Almost simultaneously with much of this very natural imitative process, Chaucer and Gower turned longing eyes on Italy and France, and cribbed incomparable stories from those foreign tongues. Spenser assumed Protean hues from his French and Italian models; Milton hearkened to the divine voice of Dante, and Pope and Boileau became brethren in art. And even Shakespeare fashioned a fairy Athens, a fantastic Venice out of the prismatic fragments of his reminiscences of these lovely towns as he recreated them from his reading.

In our day Lowell, speaking of Carlyle, says he found his "University in Goethe." All this goes to prove the intense value set by all ages on the study of foreign languages. Greece was once the "Germany" of Rome; Rome became the university of the Middle Ages; the Florentines and Medici "educated" and became the *παιδαγωγοί* of our earliest and most brilliant poets, Surrey and Wyatt and all the singing Tudor and Plantagenet throng; and we in turn gaze on Germany and France as truly enchanted educational ground.

How shall we "Orient" ourselves in this lavish territory where there is so much of delight, so much that can harm? The suggestive volume before us is filled with index-fingers to guide us to a safe and sound conclusion. Thirteen of our foremost modern linguists have combined in a symposium to give us their views and advice on the many roads that lead to Rome. It is an "experience meeting" of imposing dis-

inction and magnitude. The charm of the book is its discord. No two of the accomplished scholars who write on the subject exactly agree. One insists on multitudinous reading, to acquire French or German, and no grammar; another "huzzas" for grammar all the time, following the advice of Dr. Johnson; a third is a "natural method" man; a fourth believes in the electric power of the teacher as the *allein-seeligmachende* principle, as the only dynamic force capable of energizing the drowsy dunce, and still another tries to combine all these in a delightfully eclectic scheme, which would exhaust the nerve-force of a megalotherium. In Prof. Sumichrast's paper, especially, we find many admirable practical hints expressed in pithy style; other papers are hardly readable in their stammering and uncertain English. At the end of the book one is in that state of distrustfulness with which Fénélon regarded the human mind: the views are so mazy, so conflicting, so what heraldic science calls "dancette." The one thing in which all thirteen symposiasts agree is that French and German must more and more crowd out Latin and Greek, and that tongues like those of Schiller and Boccaccio and Corneille are as worthy of study, as good for disciplinary and aesthetic purposes as those of Catullus and Homer. This is a brave view. It was held by Macaulay who, in 1837, said that the books published in Western Europe within the last 250 years were of far greater value than all the books extant in the world before that period.

American Explorers and Inventors

Men of Achievement. Vol. III. and IV. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ANOTHER BRACE of the well-planned and excellently executed volumes of the series about men of achievement reaches us with commendable promptness. Bound for use rather than ornament, well-printed, and with illustrations that complement the text, they are finely adapted to their purpose. This is to show our boys and young men what may be done in a continent, a country and an age like ours. Gen. A. W. Greeley, whose striking face forms its frontispiece, is the compiler of the volume (III.) on "Explorers and Travellers." His own remarkable experiences and profound sympathy and insight enable him to furnish narratives which are not only stimulating, but of great scientific value. He begins with Joliet, "The Re-discoverer of the Mississippi"; and, indeed, his first six chapters are devoted to the pathfinders and explorers of our great Northwestern Empire. The founder of Louisiana, the explorer of Minnesota, the discoverer of the Columbia River, the first trans-continental explorer of the United States and the finder of the sources of the Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers are described from data taken from original narratives. This method of going to the sources enables the writer to avoid current popular errors. Out and away from his native land, the compiler takes us into that field of achievement in which many Americans (and not the least Greeley himself) have won renown. Charles Wilkes discovered the Antarctic Continent, Elisha Kent Kane explored the Arctic region, Isaac Israel Hall searched for the open Polar Sea, Charles Francis Hall reached very nearly the North Pole and George Washington De Long went into the Siberian Ocean. The story of this work for geography and science is told with a keen interest that sometimes becomes pathetic. The author, of course, strenuously sets forth the claims of the actual scientific work done by Americans, having already made himself familiar with the literature of criticism and controversy, especially that written in Europe, concerning those regions into which Lieut. Peary has lately disappeared. One chapter is devoted to John Charles Frémont the pathfinder. Considering that Du Chaillu and Stanley were Americans, not only by adoption, but in idea, purpose and action, "whose manhood outgrew the slow evolution of freedom in their natal country," he selects these two men as representatives of African exploration. He gives all credit to Du Chaillu as discoverer of the dwarfs and gorillas, and winds up the interesting volume with a chapter on "Stanley Africanus and the Congo

Free State." This book, like its mates, ought to have had an index. It is worthy of the honor.

Phillip D. Hubert, Jr., treats of our inventors (Vol. IV.), approaching the subject in a right spirit. He thinks that the inventor ought to stand before the great general, and that Elias Howe should rank before Napoleon. As it is now, most inventors are martyrs to their art; for the burden and cost of proving that their inventions deserve protection falls on them rather than on those who infringe upon their patents. Mr. Hubert insists also that with the superb tools now at our command, we and our descendants ought to accomplish even greater wonders than those now witnessed in the telegraph, telephone, the camera and so forth. He also argues that, as steam reduced the working hours of man in the civilized world from fourteen to ten hours a day, so electricity will mark the next giant step in advance. Within fifty years, power, light and heat will cost half, perhaps one-tenth of what they do now.

Mr. Hubert's literary style is superior to that of Gen. Greeley, and his pages glow with a wonderful combination of human and scientific interest. Benjamin Franklin leads the author's bead-roll of inventors. The wonderful list of his activities is simply amazing. Although there is in the Boston Library a large case devoted entirely to books about Benjamin Franklin, yet it is doubtful if anywhere in them there is so interesting a sketch of Franklin's activities as in this book. Robert Fulton, Eli Whitney, Elias Howe, Samuel S. B. Morse, Charles Goodyear, John Ericsson, Cyrus Hall McCormick, Thomas A. Edison and Alexander Graham Bell have each a chapter to themselves, the illustrations in every case being to the point. In addition to these selected ten, there are short sketches, with portraits, of fifteen other American inventors, most of whom are living. These sketches will give the young reader the correct impression that the field of invention and the line of promotion are still open. On his final page, the author rightly remarks that "the large number of inventions made in these United States implies a high degree of intelligence and mental activity in the great body of the people. It indicates the acquisition of trained habits of observation and trained powers of applying knowledge. In our country the laborer exhibits the seeming paradox of receiving more for his labor than in any other country, and at the same time doing more for what he receives. Thus do inventions illustrate 'triumphant democracy' in the American Republic."

The "Round Table" Tennyson

THE ROUND TABLE Edition of "The Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson" has been completed by the publication of Vols. V.-X. Mention of this beautiful edition was made in these pages on the appearance of the first four volumes. The set is artistically printed, bound and stamped, and forms a worthy monument to Tennyson's genius; the frontispieces, consisting of his portraits and pictures of his homes, etc., are all of interest in connection with his work and life. This edition contains the last revision of his writings made by the poet himself; it is—with one exception—the only complete set of his work in existence. The contents of the ten volumes are as follows: Vol. I.: "To the Queen," "Juvenilia," "Early Sonnets," "Early Idylls," etc.; Vol. II.: "The Golden Oak," "Love and Duty," "Tithonus," "Ulysses," "Locksley Hall," "Godiva," "The Day-Dream," "The Brook," "A Welcome to Alexandra," "Welcome to the Duchess of Edinburgh," "Child-Songs," "Experiments," "The Window," etc.; Vol. III.: "Idylls of the King," and "To the Queen"; Vol. IV.: "The Princess" and "Maud"; Vol. V.: "Enoch Arden" and "In Memoriam"; Vol. VI.: "Queen Mary" and "Harold"; Vol. VII.: "The Lover's Tale," "Ballads, Sonnets, Translations, etc.," Vol. VIII.: "Tiresias and Other Poems," "The Promise of May," and "Demeter, and Other Poems"; Vol. IX.: "Becket," "The Cup" and "The Falcon," and Vol. X.: "The Foresters," "Balin and Balan" and "The Death of Enone, Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems," together with an index of first lines. The publishers now offer to their five hundred subscribers Lord Tennyson's biography, written by Arthur Hallam Tennyson, as a supplement to this edition. This work, which will be completed ere long, will be printed and bound in uniform style with the Round Table, the edition to be limited, of course, to 500 copies, numbered to correspond with the set of the Works in

each subscriber's possession. The Round Table edition of the Life, they announce, will be published in America in advance of any other. It will be published, we suppose, in two volumes, bringing up to twelve the number in the complete edition, whose value it must greatly enhance. It may be said that no final edition can be considered complete without the biography of the author; and, as the ten volumes now before us contain neither sketch, critique nor "appreciation," those that are to contain the son's Life of the Laureate may be considered as the last volumes, and the Round Table Edition as published in twelve. It is pleasant to note the beauty of this edition, which has been set, printed and bound in this country, though the paper is Dickinson's English hand-made—an article which cannot be produced here, it seems, because our manufacturers are unable to obtain the required quality of rags. (New York: Henry T. Thomas.)

New Books

MR. CLINTON SCOLLARD'S "On Sunny Shores" is a second series of sketches of travel after the manner of his "Under Summer Skies." The book takes a wide range, from the banks of the Wye up to Ambleside and down to the Isle of Wight, thence jumping to Heidelberg and the Neckar, from there to the Tyrol and the Engadine, and by the Splügen into Italy, where the poet idles on the shores of Lake Como and the Adige before indulging in "Glimpses of Greece" and sundry "Syrian Silhouettes." There is little of the guide-book description of places, but much pleasant poetizing and romanticizing; and the frequent illustrations by Margaret L. Randolph add materially to the charm of the text. Mr. Scollard ought, however, to be more careful of his geographical orthography. "Bellagio" appears a score or more of times as "Bellaggio." Why it should not have the double g like "Menaggio," just across the lake (to say nothing of plenty of Italian names elsewhere in *-aggio* and *-aggio*) we cannot say, but we must accept the fact none the less. It is painful to see the charming Villa Serbelloni—perhaps the loveliest spot on earth—caricatured as "the Villa Strebbeloni," though we might forgive the persistent twisting of "Villa Giulia" into "Villa Guilla," if not compelled to pronounce it accordingly. The printer may be responsible for making the plural of *via* the same as the singular, and for some other slips, but we fear that the author must bear the blame of most of these cacographies. The book is well printed, though the paper is more glossy than we like; and the binding in violet and gold is daintily suggestive of the contents. (Charles L. Webster & Co.)

IT IS PLEASANT to see the Letters of James Smetham followed by a volume of his "Literary Works." It gives us an opportunity to see the objective strength of a man whose subjective power was sufficiently revealed in his Letters. As to his chosen field, painting, it is not likely that we shall come in contact with many specimens of his work, and so, in America at least, Smetham's posthumous reputation will be based on the prose and verse of the two books so carefully and lovingly edited by Mr. William Davies. In the present volume there are four essays and a handful of meditative poems. The essays ("reprinted chiefly from *The London Quarterly*") are on Sir Joshua Reynolds, William Blake, Alexander Smith and Gerard Dou. They are interesting and well-written, and yet their chief interest is not intrinsic, but is due to the fact that they are a part of James Smetham. We find in them, as in his letters, sympathy and discrimination, literary taste and an ability to justify it, a leaning toward the romantic in English literature and a fine insight into such subtle things as the soul of Blake. Smetham has already been spoken of in these pages (*The Critic*, June 24, 1893), and it only remains to add that whoever possesses the volume of his Letters will be glad to put this book beside it; and whoever has seen neither volume has missed knowing a man who failed to attain great artistic fame and yet succeeded in realizing his aspiration to come near and understand the beauty of life. (Macmillan & Co.)

IT IS, PERHAPS, a little inappropriate to begin "The Lover's Lexicon" with the word "Abhorrence" writ large across the first page. But the alphabetical arrangement is the only cause of this unhappy opening of a "handbook for novelists, playwrights, philosophers and minor poets; but especially for the enamoured," which, it would seem, can only be of use to the novelists, playwrights and minor poets aforesaid when they are in love. It has been compiled by Frederick Greenwood, and its pages are rich in alliterations, as "Affection, Affiance, Affinity, Amour"; "Bliss, Blushing, Bridal, Bride," and the like. The compiler has been forced to make many excursions into French philology, and to borrow several words for states of mind and heart that have not been labelled by the prosaic English lexicographers. Strange to say, the letter *N* has been omitted, though it begins the "Naming of the day," makes possible the "Nuptials" and opens the "Nursery" in due course of time.

And eke it crushes hope and makes life a burden as the deciding factor in "No." The letter *U* has likewise been omitted, though without it there would be no "Union" and no "Uxoriousness" to make ridiculous the sons of man. *K*, it appears from this volume, has but little to do with love, but that little is very sweet in "Kiss." The book is cleverly conceived and rather amusing, but the seriousness of its claim as a "handbook for novelists, playwrights and minor poets" may be doubted. It will afford a pleasant half-hour's reading wherever opened, and will probably become a favorite with young women. (Macmillan & Co.)—MR. WILLIAM BEMENT LENT went to Europe with the resolution of enjoying it all, and he did. In "Gypsying Beyond the Sea" he records the impressions made upon his mind and that of his companion by the scenery, cathedrals, ruins and monuments of Europe "from English fields to Salerno shores." They travelled with "silken stars and stripes always on top of the things inside our trunks and bags," but the eagle screamed only twice—and both times the provocation came from English people. England, Wales, Scotland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Russia, Finland, Denmark, Sweden and Italy were visited, and notes made of what to the travellers seemed best worth remembering and recording. The author has a taste for literature, with a conservative preference for an older school, and his likes and dislikes he takes no trouble to hide. He is most liberal in his praises, and from his sightseeing derives morals calculated to improve all that read them. Those projecting a tour of Europe will learn from these pages much that will be of use and add to their enjoyment. The two volumes are illustrated and prettily bound. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

WE HAVE received a large octavo volume of some 650 pages, containing "Speeches and Addresses of William McKinley." The contents are, of course, largely political, and they bear throughout the stamp of their author's character. As Governor McKinley has always been an advocate of a high protective tariff, and as he was the father of the tariff now in force, the speeches here collected naturally relate largely to that subject; indeed, it is evident that the desire to propagate protectionist doctrine was one of the motives for publishing this book. It would be out of place in a literary journal like *The Critic* to discuss the merits of the tariff question; but those who wish to know what can be said on the side of protectionism by one of its ablest and most earnest advocates, who is at the same time thoroughly familiar with its details, will find this volume to their purpose. The author's intense partisanship is sometimes a drawback to the interest of the book, and raises a doubt in the reader's mind as to whether Gov. McKinley is a statesman of the highest order; but as to his open and straightforward sincerity there can be no doubt whatever. Besides political topics, several other subjects of a public character are dealt with in the various addresses in this volume, the public school system and the merits of the earlier settlers of our country being prominent among them. There are also several addresses delivered on commemorative and other occasions, in which the author expresses his high appreciation of some of the eminent men whom he has known in public life, and testifies his own and the nation's gratitude for their services. The book is well printed and contains a number of well-engraved portraits, including that of the author himself, which forms the frontispiece. (D. Appleton & Co.)

MRS. ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE'S introduction gives value to a new edition of Mary Russell Mitford's "Our Village," which has been provided with one hundred illustrations by Hugh Thomson, drawn in his most original style. The introduction is largely biographical, and contains many details of Miss Mitford's sorrowful life that are unknown to the numerous admirers of her work. Her struggle with poverty, her affectionate blindness where the selfishness and faults of a most unworthy father were concerned, her failures and brief day of popularity form a pathetic chapter in literary biography; and it has found a sympathetic chronicler in Mrs. Ritchie, who ends her chapter with a striking description of "Our Village" and the cottage from which its author studied its inhabitants, and watched the flowers bloom and wither and the seasons come and go in ever-varying beauty. (Macmillan & Co.)—THE AUTHOR'S EDITION of "The Oregon Trail" comes with a melancholy reminder of the great historian who so recently has left us. Written in his early years, before the young student could have given more than an indication of the intellectual greatness that was to come, these "Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life" have carried his name where his serious work is unknown. The interest of the book increases as the West of the buffalo, the trapper and the grizzly bear recedes still further into the past, and in years to come "The Oregon Trail" will take its place among those books in which it is said that myth and fact are mingled beyond extrication. Such books have come down to us from antiquity and

the Middle Ages; we have doubted Herodotus and questioned Froissard, and among the American books which posterity will read in a skeptical spirit will be this record of a summer's trip on "The Oregon Trail." This edition contains four illustrations by Frederic Remington, who has put into them some of his most realistic Indian studies, magnificent guides and trappers, and his usual excellent horses. (Little, Brown & Co.)

WE ARE GLAD to see a reprint of the neat and inexpensive edition of Sir Philip Sidney's "Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia," published in London twenty-five years ago. The name of the editor—Mr. Hain Friswell, if we remember right—is not given (perhaps because he died in 1878), but the dedication to the Earl of Derby, "Prime-Minister of England" (who died in 1869), is retained. The voluminous text of the "Arcadia" is pruned of the additions made by Sir William Alexander and others, as well as of certain eclogues in elaborate and fantastical verse, which Walpole protested against and Pope aptly described in the line, "And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet." Some long episodes of no value or interest, and not improbably supplied by other hands than Sidney's, have also been wisely deleted. The text, after the removal of all these excrescences, is certainly long enough, filling almost five hundred pages of small but clear print. The editor gives us an introductory essay of some thirty pages, and frequent foot-notes, mostly glossarial or philological, to which there is a complete index. Isaac Oliver's familiar portrait of Sidney, well engraved, is the frontispiece to the volume, which may be heartily commended to scholars, who are likely to be its only "public," as a very satisfactory edition of an Elizabethan classic quite inaccessible nowadays in any other cheap and convenient form. (Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons.)—"AT LONG and Short Range," by William Armstrong Collins, of which five hundred copies have been printed in most attractive typography, is made up of detached passages, ranging from three or four lines to as many pages, on literary, social and miscellaneous topics. On the whole, the longer ones are the best, many of the shorter being extremely commonplace. Type is wasted, for instance, in telling us that "Prolonged absence, unaccompanied by letters, is apt to dim the recollected image of anyone, however loved," or that "The horn of the hunter is heard in the hills, and really as well as alliteratively, but the guitar of the balcony and the banjo of the lowly hut have found their way into the drawing-room." These be facts, but—they are too trivial even for introduction into the smallest of small talk, much less for the permanency of print. The book, however, is worth picking up at odd moments, and there are some very bright things in it. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"CLEAR ROUND" is the title of a book of travel by E. A. Gordon, a lady who is well-read in English literature and a student of the life of many nations. A member of the Japan Society of London, and somewhat familiar with Oriental life by reading and study of art objects, her eyes were well prepared to see many things of interest in her journey round the world. The sub-title of the book is "Seeds of Story from other Countries; Being a Chronicle of Links and Rivets in this World's Girdle." She finds the East by going West. Crossing the Atlantic ferry, she tells us about the United States and Canada in a way that is fresh, newsy and interesting. The Pacific traversed, she is in "the country between Heaven and earth," in other words, Japan. Her thoughts on seeing life in that still wonderful country may be condensed in the quotation, "Other worlds than ours." All through her pages are found exceedingly apt and suggestive quotations by which the religious and intellectual phenomena of Japanese life are correlated with those of English-speaking countries, or, rather, of all Christendom. In this respect her book is far above the average globe-trotter's record. For example, under a picture showing a Japanese temple, half hidden among the groves of a mountain, with a great stone portal in the foreground and lofty stone steps leading to the summit, she writes Tennyson's lines:—"Great * * * altar-stairs, that slope through darkness up to God." She devotes six chapters to the Japanese and their country, tells the story of the martyrs, writes of "Nijima" (Dr. J. Neesima), the founder of the University of Kioto, and gives remarkably vivid descriptions of the rejuvenated and re-organized country, whose people no longer say Mikado, but Emperor. She is especially interested in the Japanese lady, Tel Sono, who is active in organizing a great Christian school in Tokio, and who is well known in America. She does not seem to care so much about China, but dwells with many historical references and reminiscences on India, and talks interestingly about its religions. Egypt is the land of mysteries. A map of that part of the United States and Canada through which runs the Canadian Pacific Railway, is given at the end. It looks suspiciously like an advertisement. The book is beautifully bound and well indexed. (London: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.)

"ASPECTS OF MODERN OXFORD," by "A Mere Don," as he calls himself, begins in a misleading way. The first sentence reads thus:—"Fellows of Colleges who travel on the Continent of Europe have, from time to time, experienced the almost insuperable difficulty of explaining to the more or less intelligent foreigner their own reason of existence, and that of the establishment to which they are privileged to belong"; and a little further on we are told that "even at home the general uneducated public, taking but a passing interest in educational details, is apt to be hopelessly at sea as to the mutual relation of colleges and universities" and sundry other Oxford matters which he goes on to mention. The reviewer can testify that even a man who has been through a college or university course in this country is more or less bewildered by many local technicalities he hears when he visits Oxford or Cambridge. One naturally expects that our "Don" is going to explain these things, but, on the contrary, he proceeds to write about them in a manner intelligible only to those who are either Oxford men or who have been thoroughly "coached" by such men in the customs and dialect of the University. There is, nevertheless, a good deal in the book which one not to the manner born, so to speak, can understand and enjoy, though he has to guess at the meaning of some terms from the context. The style, aside from these perplexities, is lively and not without touches of humor; and the many capital illustrations render portions of the text comprehensible and interesting which would otherwise be obscure. (Macmillan & Co.)

PROF. EDMUND J. JAMES of the University of Pennsylvania was engaged some time ago by the American Bankers' Association to study the methods of business or commercial education now practised in Europe, and he prepared a report which has just been published under the title of "Education of Business Men in Europe." It begins by setting forth the uses and advantages of systematic commercial education, with a few brief hints as to the best method of introducing such a system into this country. The author then gives the result of his special investigation of the commercial schools, both higher and lower, of France, Germany, Austria and other countries of the Old World, presenting a large array of facts about the schools themselves and their courses of study. We have much less faith in the efficacy of special commercial studies than Prof. James has; but if there is any good in the commercial schools of Europe which we do not enjoy, by all means let us appropriate it, and to this end get what help we can from this pamphlet. (American Bankers' Association.)—THE FIFTH VOLUME (1893) of *The Green Bag* proves again that it has full right to its subtitle of "An Entertaining Magazine for Lawyers." In fact, the qualification "for lawyers" is superfluous, for this monthly paper is sure to amuse the unreasonable lay mind almost as much as the great lights of the profession. The "Facetiae" are unfailingly humorous and have, moreover, a certain value as contributions to the history of law in this country, its application and interpretation in the early days of the South and West. Many of the serious articles, too, appeal to the general reader, among them being, to quote only one of many, the Hon. A. Oakey Hall's "The American and English Bar in Contrast." During the year much light has been shed by *The Green Bag* on such absorbing subjects as "Lawyers and Marriage," "Unmarried Ladies," "The Law and Practice of Torture" and "Legal Education in Modern Japan." The biographical papers include English as well as American judges and lawyers. The causes *celebres* of the year have not been forgotten, of course. The periodical enters its sixth year with abundant promises of even the full measure of success it so fully deserves. (Boston Book Co.)

AUSTIN C. APGAR's recently issued "Pocket Key of the Birds of the Northern United States" proves that a bird in the hand is worth many in the bush, if you wish to know its name; and until you do, you are very much at sea as to the bird in question and its history. It enables one to determine the identity of the specimen with less labor and loss of time than by any other means. But it is to be hoped that the "Key" will not lead to the very reprehensible custom of killing a bird merely to know whether it is a warbler or a vireo or a sparrow. There has been enough of this done and the results published to last for all coming time. The field glass should now have its day, and the ornithologist's gun be laid aside except on rare occasions. (Trenton: J. L. Murphy Co.)—IN A BEAUTIFULLY printed little book, by L. N. Badenoch, we have, according to the title, the "Romance of the Insect World"; but every word of it is truth, nevertheless, and put in a way that should shame sane dealers in fiction. It is not long that it has been possible to write such books as these. Before Darwin's day we had the same facts as now, but they were meaningless, contradictory and led only to a vain beating of the air. Now, the insect world, like our own, is quite intelligible. It is, we fancy, the

aim of writers of natural history books to make them simple and within a child's comprehension, yet not childish and repugnant to adult readers. By so doing two classes of readers are secured. This volume richly deserves this sort of success, and is sure to have it. As abundant evidence of the desirability of familiar knowledge of nature, we quote a brief passage:—"Doubtless, had careful observers * * * existed, in early times, many mechanical devices * * * would have played their part * * * considerably sooner." This is not only true of insect-life, but of well-nigh every phase of animal-life lower than man. There is no creature that cannot teach us a useful lesson. (Macmillan & Co.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Booth's Interest in "The Players."—In the December instalment of his "Memories of Edwin Booth," Mr. Bispham tells us, in *The Century*, of the great actor's delight in the Players Club, and how he interested himself in the details of the decoration of the club-house.

"Will this do," he wrote to Mr. Bispham in November, 1888, "for the main hall fireplace? An effusion of my own. * * * I am doubtful about the spell of *Friendship, tongue, and here in Shakespearian form*. Refer to Purness's variorum edition of 'Merchant of Venice'—'When did friendship take a breede of bairaine mettall,' etc., Act. 1, Sc. 3 (I think). *Antonio* asks it of *Shylock*. If Mr. White can put this in old English lettering, large and distinct, above the main fireplace (under the shelf, of course), it would meet the eye on entering, and be as good a bit of doggerel as the famous epitaph warning, if I do say it myself, who ought not to say it myself.

'Goode frend, for Friendship's sake forbear
To utter what is gossip'd heare
In social chatte, lest—unawares—
Thy tong offend thy fellowe-Plaiers.'

* * * Work in the quaint spelling as much as possible, and take a liberty here and there, just for effect."

Pseudo-Shakespearian Quartos.—A correspondent in this city (New York) writes:—"May I ask you to advise me through your department of *The Critic*, if there are any original quartos of the Doubtful Plays in this country, and, if so, what plays and in what libraries? And in what European libraries are there any?"

In the Barton Collection of the Boston Public Library there are copies of "The Birth of Merlin," 1662 (the first known edition); "Fair Em," 1631 (first known); "The Merry Devil of Edmonton," 1626; "Mucedorus," 1613, 1619, 1663, and 1668; "Sir John Oldcastle," 1600; "The Puritan," 1607; "The Two Noble Kinsmen," 1634 (first edition), and "A Yorkshire Tragedy," 1619. Probably some of these, or other early editions of these plays are to be found in the Lenox Library, New York, and there are undoubtedly many in the British Museum and other foreign libraries.

The Pronunciation of Margarelon.—A friend in Boston writes:—"How do you pronounce *Margarelon*, the name of one of the characters in 'Troilus and Cressida'? It occurs in v. 5, 7: 'Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margarelon,' etc. The accent is on the penult, is it not?"

No, it is accented on the antepenult, the *e* being short, as in the Greek *Margariton*, of which the word is a corruption. The scansion of the line would at first suggest the other accent, but the extra unaccented syllable in the middle of a line is not uncommon in Shakespeare. See Abbott's "Shakespearian Grammar," § 454.

Scripture from Shakespeare.—Passages from the dramatist have often been confounded with Bible texts, but I do not recall a more amusing instance of the kind than is given in a recent London journal. A reporter of a morning paper went round to sundry city churches on the first Sunday in December, and referred to the preacher at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, as follows:—"The sermon was from the text Mark ii. 27—'The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.'"

If the reader will take the trouble to look up Mark ii. 27, he will conclude that the preacher quoted the Shakespeare "text" in his exposition of the Scriptural one, which has often been cited by the profane in justification of their misuse of the first day of the week.

Old Style and New in Dates of the Sixteenth Century.—A Boston correspondent calls my attention to the fact that Prof. Dowden, in his recent "Introduction to Shakespeare" (p. 5), says that the 23d of April, 1564, O.S., "at the present time corresponds to the 5th May, N.S.," instead of the 3d of May. The mistake is a common one, and has been made by good scholars before Prof. Dowden—by Halliwell-Phillips, for instance, who defended it when I first called attention to it, but afterwards corrected it. It is the

more remarkable in Prof. Dowden's case from the fact that in his earlier "Shakspeare Primer" he says (p. 13):—"Allowing for the difference between old style and new, April 23rd corresponds with our 3rd of May." I should suspect the "5th" in the "Introduction" to be a misprint for "3rd," if the numeral alone were used. It is not unusual to find 3 and 5 confounded, but with the added letters this is not likely to occur. People who make this mistake forget that the English calendar was set right in 1752.

The Maglione Library

THE SALE of the library of the late Benedetto Maglione of Naples will take place from Jan. 22 to 27 at the Hôtel Drouot, Paris. This library is particularly rich in illuminated manuscripts, *incunabula*, Books of Hours, first editions of classic Italian poets, volumes in antique bindings and books once in the possession of historic personages whose arms are stamped on their covers. The first part of the catalogue of the collection has just been issued by Em. Paul, L. Huard & Guillemin, Paris, and from it we select the following treasures, that American bibliophiles may become guilty of the sin of covetousness—or telegraph to their representatives in Paris.

A "Biblia Sacra," in two volumes, printed in Mainz in 1462, derives its unique value from the fact that it bears the date of its publication. This copy is printed on paper, which is rarer than vellum, with initials, ornaments and borders painted in blue, violet, green and red. At the foot of the last page of the second volume is a manuscript note; both volumes are in antique binding, stamped with a royal coat-of-arms. A copy of "Acta Constantiensis Concilii," *impressum Mediolani per Gotardum Ponticum* (1511), in perfect condition and superbly bound, is of particular interest because it bears on its sides the name and motto of Grolier. A copy, also in perfect condition, of "Les Simulachres et Historiées Faces de la Mort, Autant Ele gammêt pourtraictes, que artificiellement imaginées" (Lyon, 1538), contains Holbein's famous "Dance of Death," each one of the 41 plates accompanied by a text from the Bible in Latin and a quatrain in French, the latter probably by Jean de Vauzelles. It is superbly bound.

Among the Books of Hours is the only known copy of "Hore Beate Marie Virginis secundum Usum Lugdunensem," no date, printed probably by Jehan du Pré, and containing sixteen large plates, of which two are double, and seven small figures in the text. The style of illustration, the borders and ornamentation of this book differentiate it from all others of its kind. It is printed on vellum, with large initials in color on a gold ground, and with the capitals in red or blue. Another, and one of the oldest, is "Ces Presetes Heures a Lusage de Rome," published in 1495 by Simon Vostre of Paris; this, too, is printed on vellum, and with initials in gold and colors. This copy bears the book-plate of the Marquis A. G. Capponi. Another unique copy is "Hore Intemerate Dei Genitricis Virginis Marie," printed in red and black, with a large number of curious illustrations, among them being the signs of the Zodiac and the Apocalypse (1507). An "Office de la Semaine Sainte" is of value as bearing the arms of Marie Theresa of Austria.

An edition of "Homeri Opera," published in Florence in 1488, is worthy of a passing word, as are also a second Aldine edition (1515) of Propertius, and Demetrio Canevari's copy of Hyginus's edition of "Augusti Liberti Fabularum Liber," in a tasteful binding. A first edition of "Le Rommant de la Rose" (1485), with numerous woodcuts and—what is seldom found—the original title-page, will be the object of much spirited bidding; and equally interesting is the edition of the "Sonetti, Canzoni e Trionfi del Petrarca," containing a biography of the poet, printed by Nicolas Jensen in 1473. A manuscript, with miniatures by Attavante, of Petrarca's "Triumpho dello Amore" is valuable because it was executed for Lorenzo de' Medici, whose armorial bearings, as well as his portrait, have been painted into three of the miniatures. Another volume of historic interest is Lorenzo's "Canzone a Ballo" (1568).

Of Ariosto, Tasso and Dante there are several rare old editions, among them a copy of "La Gerusalemme Liberata," published in 1745, with a portrait of Maria Theresa, to whom this edition was dedicated; and another, of 1823, extra-illustrated with the twenty original designs in sepia made by Carlo Falcini, and consequently a unique copy. The gem of the Dante collection is an edition of "La Comedia," published in 1481, with the nineteen illustrations which, there is abundant reason to believe, are from designs by Sandro Botticelli. This is the only copy known containing the complete set of nineteen plates, though several exist with only two or three. "Orlando Furioso" is represented by all the most desirable editions known, among them several containing only forty songs, and therefore published before 1532. A copy of Mazocco's edition of 1516 is one of eight known to bibliophiles, and another, of an edition of 1533, is one of three, the other two being in the possession of the British Museum and of the Marquis of Ferrajoli in Rome.

In editions of the "Decamerone" the collection is very rich. A copy of the first illustrated edition (1492) seems to be unique; and another (1535) is made valuable by the added "Vocabulario di M. Lucilio Minerbi," which is found in no other edition. The "Heptamerone" is represented, among others, by the Berne edition, with illustrations by Freudenberg and Dunker, published in 1778-81. This edition has been re-issued recently by the Society of English Bibliophiles, as noted in *The Critic* of Dec. 23. The series of illustrations drawn by Gravelot, Eisen, Boucher and Cochin for the 1757-61 (London-Paris) edition of the "Decamerone" is unique and perhaps the gem of the collection. It consists of 404 plates, figures and tail-pieces in different states, among them 111 artist's-proofs. The collection is bound in five volumes, the last containing the tail-pieces. It was made by Beckford, the English book-lover, who probably obtained the plates from Gravelot during the latter's sojourn in England. A series of Spanish tales of chivalry, though not exceptionally scarce, possesses considerable interest.

A copy of the exceedingly rare first edition of the "Paesi Novamente Retrovati et Novo Mondo da Alberico Vesputio Florentino Intitulato" (1507) has an especial interest at the present moment. It contains the accounts of their travels of Cadamosto, Pierre de Cintro, Vasco de Gama, Cabral, Columbus, Amerigo Vesputio and others, though the name of Vesputio is the only one on the title-page. There is also a copy of the first dated edition (1470) of the works, in Latin, of Flavius Josephus.

The chronicles of Fregulphus, written about 830 A.D. and published in Cologne in 1539, under the title of "Fregulphi Episcopi Lexoviensis Chronicorum Tomi II.," are represented in a well-preserved edition, with the name and motto of Maioli stamped on the covers. This curious work contains a history "ab initio mundi usque ad Octavianum Caesaris tempora et servatoris nostri Christi navitatem: posterior dehinc usque ad Francorum et Longobardorum regna." A copy of the first Aldine edition of Sallustius, "De Conjuratone Catilinae" bears the arms of François I. The armorial bearings of Mme. de Pompadour give additional interest to a copy of Pierre de l'Estoile's "Journal de Henri III., ou Mémoires pour Servir à l'Histoire de France," and a "Histoire du Roy Henry le Grand, composée par Messire Hardouin de Perrefixe" is notable as a first edition of Elzevir. The collection contains many bindings, especially of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that are valuable without regard to the works they contain.

The bibliographical books and works on the art of binding, forming the last part of this catalogue, do not call for special comment.

The Maglione sale will rank among the great dispersions of books in this century; it will put upon the market several volumes that will probably not be offered at auction again for fifty years to come, and some that will undoubtedly be sold and bought for the last time.

The Lounger

THE JANUARY *Book-Buyer* has for its frontispiece a portrait of Miss Agnes Repplier, the first, we believe, that she has allowed to be published. It is an interesting face, and the expression is so amiable that one would be loath to accuse her of wielding a sarcastic pen. Miss Repplier made her *début* as an essayist in the columns of *The Atlantic Monthly*, thus courting, as it were, comparison with the most famous of American essayists; for was it not in these columns that Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, and (later) Henry James, published some of their best work in the same line? Miss Repplier is a Philadelphian, and has the Quaker characteristic of neatness even in her literary work. According to the sketch furnished by Mr. Harrison S. Morris, Miss Repplier can work at her desk only in the morning, and for three or four hours at a time; "when the pleasure in her task is gone—for to her the pen brings an intense delight—she stops." Lucky Miss Repplier! Think of being able to stop writing at such a moment, those of you who write against time—and for space! I understand that in Philadelphia the name of this author is pronounced *Repplid er*.

I UNDERSTAND that three or four more publishers are about to move over into Fifth Avenue, between Twelfth and Twenty-third Streets. It is said that the Appletons have their eyes upon the corner of Thirteenth Street, where the Misses Graham had their school for so many years. There is a room in this building, two stories high and lined with book-cases, that is a great temptation to publishers. By the exodus of the publishing fraternity to Fifth Avenue, the Aldine Club is left lonely in Lafayette Place; but it will not be so for long. I believe that it has secured a building at Fifth Avenue and Fifteenth Street. This is a wise move on the part of a club that depends upon its restaurant for its income. It does seem a pity, though, that so pretty a club-house as the one in Lafayette Place should be deserted, to be turned again into a business house—or else torn down, which is more likely to be its fate.

The interior of the Aldine is second only to that of the Players in beauty and cosiness, but I shouldn't wonder if some of the wood-work could be used in the new place. At any rate, the furnishings can, and that will give it a familiar as well as an attractive air.

MR. JOHN DURAND, the translator of Taine, is now in his seventy-fifth year. He is the son of A. B. Durand, the father of American landscape painting, and was once something of a painter himself. In those early days, artists in America had a very hard row to hoe, and John Durand was put into a mercantile house by his father. He did not like business, but stuck to it long enough to make a little money; then he went to Paris. In that city, where he studied art, he lived in the Latin Quarter, having among his friends men who later in life guided the destinies of France. Once, while he was sipping his claret and water in a café he frequented with Gambetta and others, a young artist burst in upon the group in a state of great excitement, and said that he had been listening to a great genius who was lecturing at the École des Beaux Arts. Durand asked who the genius was, and was told that his name was Taine. He went to hear him and became as enthusiastic as his artist friend. The upshot of the matter was that he became acquainted with the lecturer, and, finding that he had written some pamphlets, he translated them into English and thus introduced Taine to the American public.

MR. DURAND has had a most interesting life, for he knew all of the earlier American artists and men-of-letters, and later all of the men who made for the Bohemia of Paris a reputation that it has since lived upon. That a man with such opportunities should have kept a notebook, that he should have written his reminiscences and that they will soon be published, are matters for general congratulation.

HOW STRANGE IT WAS to read, only last week, of the death of the wife of Thackeray! I had an impression that she was living, because I had never heard of her death, and I know that people suffering from certain forms of mental derangement are apt to live to be very old. Mrs. Thackeray was, however, only seventy-five, but her mind had been affected since 1840. Her mania was harmless and took the form of melancholia. The wife of Dr. Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends," was afflicted in the same manner, and that was one of the bonds of sympathy between him and Thackeray, which made their friendship peculiarly close. Dr. Brown alludes to the tragedy in his friend's life in "Spare Hours." Thackeray had only three or four years of married happiness, and to these he alludes in his well-known "Ballad of Bouillabaisse":—

"Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear young face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup."

There is no doubt that Thackeray's character was much affected by this great sorrow. His wife's death could doubtless have been borne with greater resignation than such a blow as this. Of their three children, only one (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie) survives. One of the others died in infancy. The third was Mrs. Leslie Stephen.

IBSEN'S "GHOSTS" is intended to point the same moral that is emphasized in "The Heavenly Twins." It is more tragic, more plainspoken and more unpleasant than Sarah Grand's novel, but it preaches a sermon from the same text—that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Mme. Grand, being a woman, is not as bold in her speech as Ibsen. He, it seems to me, is unnecessarily—"realistic," I suppose, it is called; and I quite agree with a witty lady who remarked as she left the Berkeley Lyceum after the performance that, while she did not object to "A Doll's House," "Ghosts" was a little too "Ibscene" for her taste.

THE LAST WORDS that Tyndall wrote for publication were written in answer to a request from McClure's syndicate for a Christmas message to friends in America:—"I choose the nobler part of Emerson, when, after various disenchantments, he exclaims, 'I covet truth!' The gladness of true heroism visits the heart of him who is really competent to say this." These words were dated "Hind Head House, Haslemere, December, 1893."

MR. MATTHEWS is not the only friend whom Mr. Bunner celebrates in verse. In *The Book Buyer* he prints these lines "To Larry Hutton":—

"You may write it Laurence all you please,
Your name to fame to marry;
But you're only whistling down the breeze,
For folks will call you Larry.
And if the reason you inquire,
I'll tell you all I know;
Why is Joseph Jefferson, Esquire,
Called Joe?"

"You may spell your Laurence with a U,
Till it's Scotch as a green glengarry,
But other folks are naming, too,
And your name, they say, is Larry.
And if you're curious in the least,
To know what that comes from,
Why was T. Bowling, late deceased,
Called Tom?"

JUDGE MCADAM of the Superior Court has made an important decision: he has decided that a man has the right to be let alone. The cause of the decision was a suit brought by an actor whose portrait was printed in a paper, side by side with that of a brother Thespian, with an invitation to the public to vote on the popularity of the two men. One of them objected to having his face made the subject of this sort of advertising and took the case to court. In the course of his opinion Judge McAdam said:—

"An individual is entitled to protection in person as well as property, and now the right to life has come to mean the privilege to enjoy life without the publicity or annoyance of a lottery contest, waged without authority, on the result of which is made to depend, in public estimation at least, the worth of private character or value of ability. Games of chance have always been discountenanced by law, and when they are used as the pretended means of testing private character or ability, they become impositions on the public and frauds upon the individuals affected."

So it does seem as though a man had one right that newspapers are bound to respect.

Dr. Drisler's Resignation

FOR FIFTY YEARS Dr. Henry Drisler has been a professor at Columbia College. During Dr. Barnard's last illness, he acted in his place as President of the College, holding the position until the



election of Seth Low to the Presidency, when he became Dean of the School of Arts. He has now resigned the Jay Professorship of the Greek Language and Literature. Dr. Drisler is the editor of editions of Herodotus, Thucydides, the Offices of Cicero and Pindar's Odes, published by the Harpers, and also of Liddell and Scott's "Greek-English Lexicon," issued by the same firm.

London Letter

THERE HAVE BEEN rumors flitting about London this week with reference to a new literary and artistic quarterly magazine, which, it is whispered, is to make a big sensation in the coming spring. So far these rumors have been entirely confined to literary circles, and I believe I have the good fortune of being the first person to collect them into a sufficiently tangible shape for publication; at any rate, no word of the new enterprise has as yet appeared in any London newspaper. What I have to say, therefore, must be taken as tentative, though I may perhaps add, in defence of my details, that,

like Sheridan's Crabtree, "I have the thing on the very best authority."

It seems, then, that it has entered into the mind of that enterprising firm, Messrs. Elkin Mathews & John Lane, that there ought to be room for a quarterly magazine which shall treat, not of the passing moment and its interests, but (in so far as it deals in criticism at all) with the permanent and stable. Such a magazine, it was felt, should contain, not an interim utterance on the subjects it touches, but the final word of the highest authority. And, since criticism of so high a calibre could obviously be but a rare bird, it has been thought that such a paper might reasonably be expanded to contain short stories by recognized masters of the craft, poems by "bards approved," and illustrations by distinguished artists. The idea, once entertained, has not been allowed to languish, and on April the fifteenth, I understand, we are to see the first number of this unconventional venture, under the title of *The Yellow Book*. Its very shape is to be a novelty. It will be exactly the size of an ordinary French novel, and will contain 320 pages. The published price will be five shillings, and it is proposed to print a first edition of 5000 copies. The pictures are to be genuine works of art. They will fill the place, not of illustrations to the subject-matter, but of entirely separate contributions to the book. Occasionally, perhaps, when an artist turns author, he will be the illustrator of his own article or story, but, as a general rule, pen and pencil will be absolutely dissociated. The art-editor is to be (I am told) Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and among the artists who are expected to contribute I have heard the name of Messrs. Sickert and Ricketts. An attempt will be made to make the first number thoroughly representative of the most cultured work which is now being done in English literature. I believe that the list of contents is as yet entirely unsettled, but the string of names which has been whispered as that of the probable contributors—a list unfortunately a matter of secrecy—is in itself an abundant promise of good things.

And now, my readers will be anxious to know who is the editor of this singularly adventurous magazine. Here I have a surprise for them, and Americans will probably be pleased to know that the work is to be intrusted to one of themselves. For *The Yellow Book* is to be in the care of Mr. Henry Harland, who, under his pseudonym of "Sydney Lusk," was already a man of note in New York, before he came over to charm us with his dainty, subtle little stories, and his genial *bonhomie*. Mr. Harland has certainly many qualifications for the difficult post. His literary tastes and predilections are unusually wide, he has a large acquaintance with the most conspicuous men of letters of his own day, and a thorough knowledge of the classics of both English and French literature. Moreover, he has unbounded enthusiasm and energy, and is safe to throw himself into the scheme with indomitable interest. The scheme itself is certainly a bold one. It has yet to be proved that the public will buy literature for its own sake: the timely and journalistic contents of our monthly reviews show how keenly editors appreciate the necessity for the interest of the passing hour. And the present moment, as I have already said, is the one thing which will not be consulted in *The Yellow Book*. Nevertheless, it is unquestionably desirable that some one should be bold enough to try the experiment, and to try it in the fullest and most thorough fashion. The result will be awaited with interest, I think, no less on your side of the water than on ours.

Two novels are to be published during the spring which are likely to cause more than common stir. The first of these is to be ready on the first of March, from the pen of Mr. S. R. Crockett, whose "Sticket Minister" has made the best possible reputation for its author, a reputation that, while it embraces the novel-reading public as a whole, has been generally acknowledged by that smaller circle of literary savants who are, perhaps, a little apt to dissent from the popular verdict. Mr. Crockett is himself a minister, buried in the country at Penicuik, and his associations oblige him to give that care and time to his work which the irresponsible writer is inclined to neglect fatally. His new story is to be called "The Raiders" and will deal with Highland life some hundred and fifty years ago. It is rumored that it contains more of the Stevensonian finish and spirit than any novel that has been published by a contemporary of the author of "Catriona."

The other story, which will doubtless make more disturbance, though it will probably contain less startling merit, is to be the new work by Mrs. Humphry Ward. She, too, takes time over her work; and as people have probably forgotten "David Grieve" by now, it is doubtless the right moment for a new work from her pen. No details are as yet known, however; but the book is likely to be in its readers' hands before the summer holidays.

Some time ago I mentioned that Mr. Norman Gale contemplated an early visit to America. Now I hear that he has thought better of the idea, and will not leave England till the autumn. He has been writing a book of songs about cricket, which will doubtless introduce him to us in a new character and remove the reproach, now

so generally levelled at him, of having but one subject and that a tiring one. A laureate of the national game would be a most desirable and wholesome acquisition. Meanwhile, it seems that America will give us a greater guest in the spring in the person of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, of whose contemplated visit to London there is much rumor, but as yet no certainty. When he comes, he will find many old friends and admirers eager to welcome him.

Mr. Zangwill, who is certainly now one of the most discussed of English novelists, seems to have mastered the golden rule of success—to make a hit and not to follow it up! At any rate, he has just finished a new novel, which is to appear in the pages of *To-Day*, in which he has entirely abandoned his Jewish environment, and—I am told—broken new ground in a study of temperament. The new story will begin its serial course almost at once, when we shall be further enlightened on this judicious change of front. Meanwhile, a brief curtain-raiser, called "Six Persons," proves nightly at the Haymarket that Mr. Zangwill has a good deal of the capacity of the playwright in his composition. The little trifle is founded on the notion, gathered from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, that in every conversation of two there are at least six different persons speaking, four artificial and two sincere. The idea is clever, and the little dialogue is proving very attractive.

LONDON, 4 Jan., 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

JOE JEFFERSON apparently never loses a chance to secure masterpieces in art, for, although he has been playing only a short engagement here in Boston, yet he found time to visit the Art Museum while the collection of Dutch pictures from the World's Fair was on exhibition, and to pay nearly \$3000 for two of the paintings. One, for which he paid \$2250, is Neuhuy's "Mother's Delight," representing a young Dutch mother, seated by the table, feeding her infant. The other also, "Fishing in the Brook," for which Mr. Jefferson paid \$650, has children as its characters. A Boston artist purchased at this sale Valkenberg's "At the Spinning-Wheel," while Van Essen's landscape and Du Chattel's largest picture, "Sunset on the Vecht," have also been sold here. Mr. Jefferson, I may add, has had a remarkable engagement in Boston. Returning to play his old familiar "Rip Van Winkle" at prices somewhat advanced above the ordinary, and with Henry Irving and other notable actors as rivals for the playgoer's attention, he has succeeded in passing any other record of success ever made by him in Boston—a remarkable thing when one remembers the financial high tide mark reached by him in this city last year. With Mr. Irving he was the guest of the Algonquin Club the other night, and delighted the members with a quaint speech.

One of our Boston artists, Scott Leighton, has been unfortunate, his studio having been destroyed by fire, and one hundred canvases, valued at \$25,000, having gone up in smoke in 40 minutes. The artist had only about \$5000 insurance. Some of the sketches burned were made when he was a boy, and were therefore held in special regard by him, while among the others were his more notable horse pictures.

And now for a few words about writers. Perhaps the oddest thing of all that I can mention is the composite poem devised by the Boston *Globe* and printed in its columns. It was most assuredly a very clever piece of newspaper work to attract attention, and, although the poem will not become a classic, yet for curiosity's sake it is worth giving in full. A dozen or more authors were asked to write one line each after the manner of the old-time game for children, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe starting the poem with the line "Would it were always summer, with long light." This was the result:—

- "Would it were always summer, with long light,"
—Julia Ward Howe.
- "Or glorious day undimmed by thoughts of night,"
—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.
- "Yet would one miss the glamor of the moon,
Or after day's strong light the dusk's soft boon?"
—Louise Chandler Moulton.
- "Yea: sunshine's best that man may walk aright,"
—Louise Imogen Guiney.
- "Kentucky 'moonshine' trips him up by night,"
—James Jeffrey Roche.
- "But what were life without its budding springs,"
—Ernest F. Fenollosa.
- "Or joy without the strength that sorrow brings,"
—Mary E. Blake.
- "Or flaming day forlorn of moon-shot night,"
—Ralph S. Cram.
- "Still ringing changes on the dark and light,
I'm out of thoughts and words—a dismal plight,"
—Katherine E. Conway.
- "What odds if red suns flame or white moons shine
To souls wherein love dwells—a guest divine?"
—Mrs. C. E. Whiton-Stone.

"Why crave eternal day—one ceaseless glitter?
To take things as they come to me seems fitter."

—Charles Follen Adams (Yawcob Strauss).

"Content alike in summer and in snow,
But bearing summer everywhere we go." —Richard Hovey.

Mr. Hovey also tuned his muse at the Dartmouth Club dinner this past week, reeling off a rollicking poem in which vagabond life is extolled something after this style:—

"Off with the fetters That chafe and restrain, Off with the chain. Here Art and Letters, Music and Wine, And Myrtle and Wanda, The winsome witches, Blithely combine. Here are true riches, Here is Golconda, Here are the Indies, Here we are free, Free as the wind is, Free as the sea — Free.	Is it so wrong? Go to the devil. I tell you that we, While you are smirking And lying and shirking Life's duty of duties, Honest sincerity— We are in verity Free— Free to rejoice In blisses and beauties, Free as the voice Of the wind as it passes. Free as the bird In the west of the grasses, Free as the word Of the sun to the sea— Free."
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"Midnights of revel
And noondays of song,

One of the most interesting features of *The Social Economist* for February, I am confident, will be the article by Mr. George A. Rich, the Boston writer whose pen has treated so admirably of economic subjects in *The New England Magazine* and the philosophical periodicals. This new essay will discuss the French element in American population, and its interest lies in the fact that it contradicts the belief, now prevailing, that the French people come here only to earn money and then go back to Canada. Mr. Rich has made a thorough investigation throughout the entire country, and as a result finds that, while the old men take no interest at all in our political life, their children and the young men who come here are really deeply interested. From the railroad people he has found out that nearly everyone who goes back to Canada buys a return ticket which, if he does not use it himself, he gives to a young man who comes to stay. Mr. Rich's investigations have been carefully made, and would seem to destroy the bug-a-boo regarding the undesirability of immigration from Canada. I may add that one of the most active centres of work for interesting the French people in America is in Cambridge, Mass.

Have *Critic* readers read "A Spinster's Leaflets" just published by Lee & Shepard, and if so, have they solved the problem of its authorship? It is rather a quaint picture of one phase in New England life, and has made a decided hit in Boston. In fact, one lady, I am told, read it three times in a single week. On the title-page the author's name is written Alyn Yates Keith, which might be a man or a woman. I have found out, however, this much: the author is a woman; furthermore, she is not a spinster but a mother, and, for aught I know to the contrary, a grandmother. Her daughter, at least, is old enough to have drawn the little pictures that dot the volume here and there. Alyn Yates Keith lives in New Haven; and from her naming of the cats in the book, "Kittery" and "Kattery," with allusion to the geographical application of the former, she is evidently well acquainted with the navy yard town of Kittery, Me. Beyond that I know nothing of her history or her identity.

In Frank Bolles, who died last Wednesday, Harvard men have lost a warm friend. He was the Secretary of the College, and ever since his graduation from the Law School in 1882 has been warmly interested in the welfare of the University and its students. His literary work was winning him a name as a successor of Thoreau, his work "The Land of the Lingering Snow," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. a year or two ago, giving him a special prominence. It was James Russell Lowell who advised Mr. Bolles to enter the world of letters, and his work received constant encouragement from Pres. Eliot and other prominent men of the College. Mr. Bolles was only 37 years of age. His father, Brigadier-Gen. John A. Bolles, was formerly Solicitor of the Navy, and his mother was the sister of Gen. John A. Dix, formerly Minister to France. Mr. Bolles's first literary work as an amateur was in editing, with Jesse Grant, the son of Gen. Grant, a little magazine.

The will of Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, whose death I chronicled last week, makes no public bequests, but leaves to a nephew, Benjamin Pickman Mann, all her copyrights and manuscripts. The wife and children of Julian Hawthorne receive keepsakes.

BOSTON, 16 Jan., 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

MR. HENRY T. THOMAS, 13 Astor Place, is the sole agent for the sale of the 250 copies of "Liber Scriptorum," the book of the Authors Club, a review of which was given in *The Critic* of Jan. 6.

Chicago Letter

THE THIRD NUMBER of *The Contributors' Magazine* has just been issued, and it more than maintains the high typographical standard of the earlier issues. I know of no other publication of the same kind, for, as I stated some months ago, the magazine is privately printed for members of the Contributors' Club. At each meeting of the club the articles are read to the members, and after this literary symposium, copies of the printed magazine are distributed. The present number, which was read at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer, is a departure from the original plan of printing articles written by members only. It is a compilation from the Orient, made up of the impressions of eight of the foreigners who visited Chicago during the summer. A page of manuscript in the writer's own language is reproduced and printed after each article—very interesting to examine and compare. The æsthetic value of the book is derived from the beautiful paper, with its wide marginal setting for the admirable type, and still further enhanced by charming decorative initials and tail-pieces designed by Will H. Bradley. A new cover, printed in black and red, is cleverly drawn by the same artist, who has exceptional talent in this much-abused branch of design.

The articles themselves are decidedly cosmopolitan and carry us round the circle of the globe. The first of them is Prince Wolkonsky's "Impressions of America," which was written for this magazine but has since, with the editor's permission, been published in pamphlet form. His picture of us is not a flattering one, but it is graphic and contains many clever points. The exaggerated importance of business is the first thing he notices. "In other countries," he writes, "people work in order to enjoy life; here they live in order to perform their business. Man's existence is subserved, 'the office' is grown more important than 'the home,' and in this country of liberty, life has become a slavery. People give the impression of so many cooks who prepare, in a tremendous hurry a beautiful banquet which they will never eat." He likes, however, the democratic absence of formality in the intercourse between a chief and his subordinates, and admires Chicago "for the wonderful feeling of citizenship which animates each of its inhabitants; for that almost incomprehensible spirit of unity which inspires their different activities, and makes every single individual contribute to the prosperity of the whole." The glorification of Woman with a large W appeals to this Russian prince but little, and he finds it "strange that at the other end of civilization modern woman comes to that same non-participation in man's life, which is so often thrown in the face of the old and stagnant Orient." But he seems to admire the American girl, and the first point he notices about her is that she is not flirtatious.

Few of the other articles in this magazine, however, contain impressions of America. The Countess di Brazza writes on "Country Women of Italy"; Nurat, the Royal Commissioner from Siam, discusses the status of Siamese women, and Madam Suriya writes about "Agricultural Women," as she expresses it, in the same country. I. Hakky Bey ventures upon the difficult subject of "Women in Islam"; in fact, if we are not well informed upon the condition of women throughout the world since last summer, it will not be the fault of our foreign visitors. The other contributors are Princess Shahorsky, Mr. Heromich Shugio, the Japanese member of the Jury on Fine Arts; and Manuel de Peralta, the Minister from Costa Rica, who writes an amusingly exclamatory article on Chicago. He compares the city to a young and beautiful woman, and thinks her name synonymous with "power of will, self-reliance, and unbroken faith in the future." So great is his admiration, indeed, that he gives us some good advice. "Do not be proud of thyself," he writes, "do not call the passers-by to come and behold thy beauty; be sober and modest, for modesty is the best array of beauty and sobriety is the splendor of wealth. Do not say:—'I stand alone and there is no city like me in the world.' Remember Babylon. Be thyself a fruit of liberty, a fraternity of races and nations, a cradle of men who are Titans and women who are goddesses, and thou shalt live to realize in marble and gold the dream of the White City." The sumptuous magazine, in which these timely admonitions are printed, is edited by Mr. Arthur J. Eddy, who originated this unique club.

The marvellous French Pantomime company has been playing in this city for two weeks, and its patronage, unfortunately, has been no more liberal than it was in New York. Boston is the only American city which appreciated the remarkable work of this company. It is the kind of thing, however, whose success depends upon advertising by word of mouth, for no one who has not heard of it from a friend will believe the most eloquent critique. And yet, these players opened a new province of art, revealed a beautiful world which has never been explored by our countrymen. The naturalness and simplicity of their acting would not be believed by one who was told that some of the performers wear whitened

faces, and that many of the gestures are conventionalized and the result of custom and tradition. Nevertheless, the beauty of this acting, the delicacy of the humor, the exquisitely touching pathos with which the little play is infused, are more real and fascinating than anything our own actors have given us for years. The pianist, who accompanies the performance, has so exceptional a talent that the music fittingly harmonizes with the tender, poetic, little idyl.

It is interesting to notice how often the dramatic element entered into the history of the Columbian Exposition. From start to finish it is full of incidents which have all the requisite dramatic elements, and no poet could have devised a more appropriate climax than the burning of the Peristyle last week. The fire destroyed that beautiful colonnade and the Casino and Music Hall which stood at either end of it, but, contrary to the first reports, the Manufactures Building was but slightly injured. I regret to say that I did not see the fire, but I am told that the sight of it was worth a long journey.

Even after the tall columns of the Peristyle had fallen, the place where they had stood was covered with flames, which shot up and enveloped the great statue of the Republic only to drop from her again and leave her standing out clear against the sky. Huge billows of flame engulfed the Manufactures Building, which seemed to be on fire at a dozen points, looking as if no skill could save it. But it was saved, and the damage to exhibits did not amount to forty thousand dollars, a sum which the Directors will make good. Now the Republic stands against the background of the lake, more imposing than ever before; but the Court of Honor lives only in our memory.

CHICAGO, 16 Jan., 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

The Drama

French Comedy

THE REMARKABLE feature of the series of performances of French comedy given in Abbey's Theatre, last week, was the wonderful versatility displayed by M. Coquelin. The exhibition of his Protean powers can scarcely be called a revelation, but it is nevertheless true that in the case of his genius familiarity begets not contempt, but constantly increasing admiration. Of the five characters in which he appeared, only one was new to this city, and that was Marecat in Sardou's "Nos Intimes." Hitherto this has been regarded as a subordinate part, and so it has been and ever will be in the hands of third or fourth rate players, but, as interpreted by him, it became the most prominent figure of the group, although no illegitimate means were used to exalt it at the expense of the others. M. Coquelin is far too fine and true an artist to be concerned about such trifles as the centre of the stage or a monopoly of the footlights, or to mar the artistic proportions of a picture by doing anything to attract particular attention to himself. On the other hand, he never neglects even the least of the opportunities which properly belong to him. If the attention of the whole house was riveted upon Marecat wherever he was or whatever he happened to be doing, it was simply because he was pre-eminently the vital and convincing figure, a perfect type of the selfish, suspicious, wrong-headed and malevolent busybody. So life-like was he that he would have been odious if his unpleasant qualities had not been presented in their most humorous as well as their most truthful aspect. It was this combination that constituted the artistic triumph of the impersonation. His enumeration of the inconveniences which he encountered in country life was a model of comic recitation, free from all undue exaggeration, but irresistibly ludicrous in its explanatory gesture, its vocal inflections and its wonderful play of feature. Equally good in its way was his narration of the discovery of an unfaithful wife by her husband, and his unconscious avowal of his own unhappy part in that experience. But it is not necessary to enter into the details of a performance which may be described briefly as a masterpiece.

This was followed, on the succeeding night, by his extraordinary portraiture of the swaggering and shameless bully, Don Annibal, in "L'Aventurière" of Emile Augier, a study already well known here. The contrast which it offered to Marecat, both in appearance and manner, was absolute. In this performance the gem was the drinking scene, which is, perhaps, the cleverest simulation of progressive intoxication ever seen in a theatre. The transition from one stage to another, from confident cunning to vulgar familiarity, and so on through the moods of boastful garrulity, stupid self-betrayal and lachrymose despondency to complete paralysis, was effected with an ease and certainty that created an absolute illusion. Next in order came his Destournelles, the country lawyer in "Mademoiselle de la Seiglière," a photographically accurate study of a man of affairs, bustling, cunning, ambitious, more or less unscrupulous, but not unsound at bottom. In this character there is little opportunity for the employment of broadly comic expedient,

but M. Coquelin's embodiment of it was none the less effective on that account, and in the later scenes he played with an earnestness and power which excited absorbing interest. He closed his week's work with his famous impersonation of Molière's Tartuffe, in which he has long defied all rivalry, and his no less celebrated assumption of the disguised lackey, Mascarille, in "Les Précieuses Ridicules," in both of which he renewed his former triumphs. In fact, Molière's work, seems to bring out Coquelin's great gifts better than that of any other French dramatic writer.

Of the work done by the supporting cast, which is good but not brilliant, it is not necessary to say much. Madame Hading was seen to the best advantage in "L'Aventurière," her personal beauty and rather artificial but effective style being well suited to the title part. She has grown both in art and power since she first acted in this city, and is entitled to be regarded as an actress of the first class, but she cannot yet be counted among the leaders. M. Jean Coquelin is well versed in the technicalities of the profession, but his performances lack variety, and as yet show no trace of original inspiration. Madame Patry is a very capable actress and made a hit as the Dorine of "Tartuffe."

Music

The Musical Season

THE CURRENT musical season is now at the height of its activity. While it is true that New York does not have as many musical entertainments in the course of a week as London, it may be said literally to enjoy more. The usual number of concerts and operatic performances is about a dozen a week, and hardly a single week goes by without the production of something new or the revival of something so old as to have become unfamiliar. Last week, for instance, witnessed the production of two important new compositions by Dr. Antonin Dvorák, and a revival of Rossini's opera, "Semiramide," in which Mme. Melba, one of the world's leading singers, appeared for the first time on any stage in the title rôle. In addition to these, there were performances of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz," Bizet's "Carmen," which is one of the musical sensations of the winter, and concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic Society, not to speak of several minor entertainments.

No one who watches the progress of musical affairs needs to be told that the most interesting contribution to the week's entertainment was the production of the two new works by Dr. Dvorák. These were a quartette in F major and a quintet in E-flat major, both for strings. They were written last summer, during the composer's stay in the West, and their inspiration was drawn from the same sources as that of the American Symphony. In these compositions Dr. Dvorák has again proclaimed his belief that the most characteristic melodic material to be found in this country is that of the Negro tunes. As in the composition of the symphony, he has not made use of any extant melodies, but has invented his own themes. These are in form, color, and spirit as representative of the Negro race as anything which grew up among that people. The question of Americanism need not concern us here. It is sufficient to note that the music of these two new works struck a responsive chord in the hearts of a large audience present at the Kneisel Quartette's concert in Chamber Music Hall, where they were produced. For the musician their most significant feature is their beautiful clearness and simplicity. They are a convincing evidence that it is still possible to produce music written in the spontaneous, unaffected and tuneful style of Haydn and Mozart. Dr. Dvorák, in writing these compositions, has fairly joined hands with these two great masters, and earned the right to have his name linked with theirs.

"Carmen" was repeated for the sixth time at the Metropolitan Opera House last Saturday afternoon, to an audience as large as the building would contain. The success of this work in the present season is more than ordinarily significant. The failure of Mme. Calvé to draw a large audience in "L'Amico Fritz" served to strengthen the unavoidable conclusion that the public demands now, first of all, a strong dramatic opera, and, secondly, a good general performance. The time has gone by when a single singer can astonish this public, or arouse widespread enthusiasm by a dazzling display of vocal fire-works. The effect of seven years of German opera is to make the music-lover of to-day a believer in the theory on which Italian opera was originally founded. That theory is most plainly voiced in the oft-quoted words, "The play's the thing." Mme. Calvé's performance of Carmen is a remarkably strong one, but it finds its complement in the work of M. De Reszké, M. Lassalle and Mme. Eames, in the well-trained singing of the chorus, in the superb playing of the orchestra and the masterly leadership of Signor Mancinelli.

The Fine Arts

Dutch and Scandinavian Paintings

THE EXHIBITION at the Fine Arts Building, 215 West 57th Street, of the paintings contributed to the World's Fair by Sweden, together with those of Norway and Holland, makes it more than ever apparent that the success of the Swedish exhibit at Chicago was due in great measure to the pictures of Mr. Zorn. This exhibit was hung there in two or three little rooms, and is now displayed in the large Vanderbilt Gallery; but while most of the Swedish works stand the test, few appear to much greater advantage except Zorn's. This may be due in part to the latter's careful hanging of his fellow-artist's pictures, for, notwithstanding the limited space at his disposal in Chicago, there were no pictures better hung than those of the Swedish artists. Here a few of the impressionists suffer; indeed, the only pictures of that class that fare better than at Chicago are Prince Eugen's "The Forest," a gloomy pine wood with the sunset showing between the close-grown trunks, and his park scene in sunlight, "A Summer Day." Three or four little landscapes by the veteran Wahlberg may be better seen, especially his "Misty Night on the Oise," whose very delicate scheme of greys looked almost mere black and white before, and his blue "Stockholm by Moonlight." Carl Larsson's "Ulf" in Sunset, a small boy in a red frock holding open a garden gate, behind which grows a red-berried rowan tree, while farther off stands a red-painted barn, the white palings reddened and the grass reduced to a dingy grey by the reddish sunlight, is a harmony that reminds one of Tennyson's "Go Not, Happy Day." The same artist's larger picture, "My Family," with its gilded bar on which leans one of the young Larssons, charms no longer, the impression of novelty having worn away. So with Liljefors's "Grouse Hunting," his "Foxes" getting over a snake fence, and his "Hawk's Nest." But Zorn, much though we have seen of him, does not stale. His charming little studies of the nude in sunlight are not here, but we have the movement and the *chiaroscuro* of "The Ball," the clever painting of character in "A Toast in Idun" and the "Portrait of Mrs. Palmer," the color and the vitality of "Margit" and the study of values in "The Omnibus."

Zorn apart, the Swedish and Norwegian painters have in common a certain freshness of observation, as of people whose nerves have a healthy tone, which more than reconciles one to their coarseness of touch and feeling. Their work looks like that of men who have not seen much, but who, on that account, see fully and distinctly what is before them—up to a certain point. This gives unusual force and interest to such pictures as Gustav Wentzel's "Breakfast" of a working family by lamplight. The picture is not only coarsely painted, but is full of what we must suppose to be wilful faults, yet the impression it gives of the artist is that of a man who has used his own eyes and was really interested in what he saw. Much the same may be said of Jacob Somme's "The Lay Preacher," Elif Petersen's "A Strand Bird," the portraits by Hans Heyerdahl and the landscapes by Frederik Kollet, Thorolf Holmbol, Karl Nordström and P. Ekström.

If Zorn reigns supreme in the Scandinavian collection, Israels does so no less in the outer gallery, where the works from Holland are shown. His "Near the Cradle" is a charming bit of quiet color. Mesdag's "Morning on the Shore at Scheveningen" and his "Summer Morning at Sea," and Gabriel's "Windmills on the Moerdijk," appear to us the best of the landscapes. The last-named composition is repeated as a water-color and there are many good pictures in that medium in the corridor leading to the galleries. The exhibition will close on Feb. 27. A lecture on Scandinavian art will be given, in connection with this display of its products, by Miss Cecilia Waern, a careful student of the subject.

Art Notes

THE results of Mr. Hopkinson Smith's "Summer in Venice" are on exhibition at Avery's Gallery. They are some two dozen water-colors, more thoroughly studied than much of the artist's recent work. Mr. Smith's taste for the picturesque has led him into parts of Venice not often visited by the tourist, and his works have therefore a quality of freshness hardly to be expected. Among the most successful to our thinking are "No Thoroughfare," a view up a winding canal between tall houses, and several views in the fishermen's quarter, where gondolas laden with fishing-creeels give variety to wide sketches of water, with a few barrack-like tenements in the distance.

—Addressing the Union League Club, in his second inaugural, in March 1887, Mr. Depew declared that "an alien dealer, a sharp lawyer and a careless committee formed the combination that made possible a duty of thirty per cent. on works of art." It is to the credit of the Union League that it has for a long while thrown its influence into the scale in favor of free art.

—Mr. John Sargent, the American artist, has been elected an Associate of the British Academy. The London *Daily News* says that Mr. Sargent, though still among the younger men, has so long deserved this honor, and deserved it in vain, that his election has the character of an event that will do more good to the Academy than even to himself; that he is at once the most brilliant and the most scholarly painter of his time, and that there is hardly any honor which the Academy can bestow to which he may not fairly aspire.

—W. H. Gilchrist, an English artist, lectured last Friday morning at Cooper Union before the women's art class on "Early English Art," a subject upon which he has spoken in several American cities. Referring to American art, he spoke in highest praise of Whistler, Ryder and La Farge.

Notes

THE OUTLOOK for the spring publishing business is not at all discouraging. There are several important books under way—more than the publishers are ready to announce as yet.

—The Letters of Two Brothers, William T. and John Sherman, of which a foretaste was given in *The Century*, will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons. As a contribution to American history the book has a unique value. The letters cover a period of fifty years. They began when Gen. Sherman entered the West Point Military Academy and come down to the last years of his life. The brothers wrote long and intimate letters and discussed the questions of the day with perfect frankness, even when, as men, they bore such close relations to the Government, one in the army, the other in political life. Mrs. Rachel Sherman Thorndike, the General's daughter, has edited the letters, and she has had the rare good judgment not to edit them too much. They are connected by the merest thread of comment, and are so arranged that they form an almost complete autobiography of the two men.

—Mr. Robert Bridges, author of "Humors of the Court, and Other Poems," published recently by Macmillan & Co., is not the Mr. Robert Bridges of *Scribner's*, whose verses are familiar to readers on this side of the water, but an English poet, and one of note. *The Outlook*, we believe, is soon to publish a sketch of him and his work.

—Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel will be published by Macmillan & Co. on or about Feb. 15. It is called "Marcella," and, unlike her two famous novels, it has a young woman for its principal character. This heroine is no every-day society woman, but one of the constantly increasing band of young women who realize that life is real and earnest, and that it was not made for pleasure only. The story describes the life of a girl who devoted herself to the bettering of her kind, and who did so from conviction and not for a new sensation. "Marcella" is interested in such work as is done in New York by the University Settlement Society and the East Side Club, such work as Mrs. Ward herself is doing in London. The book will be published in two small volumes, though it is not as large as either "Robert Elsmere" or "David Grieve," and will contain a new portrait of Mrs. Ward.

—A telegram from New London to the *Herald* announces that Mr. George Parsons Lathrop of that city is writing a play founded upon a story of Ancient Rome for Alexander Salvini. "The Scarlet Letter," for which Mr. Lathrop has written the libretto and Mr. Walter Damrosch the music, will be given in Music Hall, New York, the latter part of February. The first act only will be presented on that occasion, without scenery.

—The manuscript of Tennyson's first book, the "Poems of Two Brothers," which was bought by Dodd, Mead & Co., a few months ago for about \$2,500 and held by them at \$3,500, has been repurchased by Macmillan & Co. of New York for their Cambridge firm, Macmillan & Bowes, from whom Dodd, Mead & Co., originally purchased it. What the English publishers paid for it is not known, presumably something less than \$3,500, nor is it stated whether they bought it for themselves or for a customer. The manuscript left New York last week after a short visit. It will be interesting to know its ultimate fate. Probably the British Museum will get it.

—Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera, "Utopia, Limited," now playing at the Savoy Theatre, London, will be produced at the Broadway Theatre on Easter Monday by an English company sent over by Mr. D'Oyley Carte.

—The last volume of Taine's "Modern Régime" is now on the press of Henry Holt & Co. As were the others in this series, this one has been translated by John Durand. The value of Mr. Durand's translations lies not only in his own qualifications for the work, but in the fact that, living in the same house with Taine, he had the advantage of the author's suggestions. In translating this new volume he has had the assistance of Mme. Taine.

—M. Coquelin is studying the role of the old actor, Michonet, in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," which he will play in this country for the first time; and he is also studying "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." It is good news that M. Coquelin and Mme. Hading, who were to have ended their engagement at Abbey's Theatre on Feb. 3, have extended their time there until Feb. 17. They will then go to Havana and later to Mexico, returning to New Orleans, whence M. Coquelin will sail for home. Mme. Hading will remain in this country to support M. Mounet-Sully, who will appear at Abbey's Theatre late in March.

—Dr. James Johnston, the author of "Reality versus Romance in South Central Africa," will make a lecture tour of this country and Canada under the management of Major Pond. He gave an illustrated lecture on "What a Physician Saw in Africa" at the Lincoln Club, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening of last week, and received Major Pond's offer the next morning.

—The issue of a cheap edition of the Book of Common Prayer as revised by the General Convention in Baltimore in 1892, has aroused wide interest in the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. The Baltimore Convention refused to copyright the book or put any royalty on it, that nothing might increase the cost of production and thereby impede its dissemination among all classes. The cheapest edition of the book published heretofore has been sold at twenty-five cents; the present edition, put forth by the American Prayer Book Fund through Thomas Whittaker, retails at fifteen cents.

—The first supplement to Swan Sonnenschein's "The Best Books" is announced as nearly ready. It will cover the period 1890-3, and contain some new features.

—Prof. W. M. Sloan of Princeton College, who has been for several years past gathering material for a complete and exhaustive Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, has almost finished the writing of the work. It will be published serially in *The Century*, beginning with the November number. The editors of this magazine are fortunate in being thus able to reap the advantages of the revival of interest in the great soldier which has been increasing during the past ten years. Books concerning him are eagerly read, the old as well as the new, and the most successful plays on the French stage to-day are founded upon his life. It is only now that a true estimate of the man can be formed, and Prof. Sloan has been favored in having new and most important material placed in his hands. This Life of Napoleon will be profusely illustrated, the only difficulty in this regard being the enormous amount of material. Of portraits of the Emperor alone there are more than enough to fill the book. Only the most important and most rare will be selected for the purpose.

—Georg Ebers, the Egyptologist, has written a novel, on the subject of Cleopatra, which he likes better than anything he has done in the way of fiction. It will be published in the course of a few weeks by D. Appleton & Co.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish on Jan. 24 "A Protégée of Hamelin's, and Other Stories," by Bret Harte; "The Rousing of Mrs. Potter, and Other Stories," by Gertrude Smith; "A Symphony of the Spirit," a collection of poems from Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Emerson, Longfellow and others, edited by George S. Merriam; fourth editions of "Jones on Chattel Mortgages" and "Jones's Forms of Conveyancing," and second editions of "Jones on Liens" and "Lloyd on Building"; "The Bench and Bar of New Hampshire," by the late Hon. Charles H. Bell; and Bret Harte's "A Sappho of Green Springs, and Other Stories," in the Riverside Paper Series.

—The publication of Mr. Stevenson's "The Ebb Tide," a new South Sea story, will begin in *McClure's* for February. Alfred Brennan has drawn the illustrations.

—The death of Thackeray's widow at Leigh, Lancashire, on Jan. 11, over thirty years after her husband (24 Dec. 1863), draws attention once again to the great sorrow that darkened the novelist's life. He married Isabella Shaw, who was the daughter of a colonel of the Indian army, in 1836, and lived happily with her until 1840, when, after the birth of their third child, her mind became affected. They travelled about Europe for a year in the hope that a cure might be effected, but the truth could no longer be blinked, and Mrs. Thackeray was sent to the institution where she spent the remainder of her days.

—Lee & Shepard announce "The Political Economy of Natural Law," a new work by Henry Wood, which will "outline a political economy which is practical and natural rather than theoretical and artificial."

—According to the records in the Congressional Library, this has been the most prolific year in our history in the production of publications of all kinds, the increase in copyrights since Jan. 1 having been over 3000. This sign of rapidly growing intellectual

activity must, however, be taken with due allowance for the facts that newspaper articles are commonly copyrighted now, and a few daily papers copyright their editions throughout. Photographs are copyrighted in overwhelming numbers, but, happily, part of the increase can be ascribed to the registering of musical compositions. Fiction far surpasses all other branches of literature in the number of copyrights, and the short story is produced in ever increasing quantities.

—Eugene Field has spent several weeks in Los Angeles, where he went to recover from the effects of an attack of pneumonia. The climate of California has benefited him immensely, and he is now nearly restored. He will stay for some time in San Francisco and Alameda, and may find inspiration in the land of oranges and flowers for some odes in Horace's style.

—Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, "The Manxman," will be published in this country by D. Appleton & Co.

—A petition, signed by nearly a hundred prominent New Yorkers, has been presented to the Board of Overseers of Harvard University, requesting them to change the conditions that are to govern the conferring of diplomas by Radcliffe College. The Board has empowered Harvard's President to countersign such diplomas and to stamp them with the seal of the University. The petitioners urge that it would be simpler and more satisfactory to give Harvard diplomas, and thereby establish the graduate's status beyond a doubt; just as Columbia confers its degrees on the students of Barnard College.

—Mr. William Winter has in preparation a biography of Joseph Jefferson, who has long been one of his warm personal friends. It will be published by Macmillan in the same style as his *Booth*, which is just entering upon its third edition.

—Mr. Henry Vizetelly, a master of the art of translation, died in Farnham, England, on Jan. 1. He started life as a wood-engraver, doing work for *The Illustrated London News*, whose Paris correspondent he was during the siege. He published the works of Poe, Longfellow and Mrs. Stowe in England, and began, in 1880, the publication of his marvellous translations from the French, greatest among them being probably that of "Salammbô." His condemnation, in 1889, to three months' imprisonment for publishing Zola's works in English created a sensation on both sides of the Atlantic. This triumph of Philistinism ruined Mr. Vizetelly financially, and broke his health and spirit. He was born in London seventy-four years ago, and was the author of a volume of "Glances Back through Seventy Years." His son, Mr. Frank H. Vizetelly, who is at present engaged in literary work in this city, declares that his father was abandoned by his counsel in the famous Zola translation case, and had no other choice than to plead guilty.

—The *London Times* has given a second review of Lowell's "Letters," longer and even more complimentary than the first one. It praises Prof. Norton's editing, and says that the work itself "may perhaps come to be numbered among the half-dozen treasures of this order which the language possesses."

—Mr. John G. Nicolay, President Lincoln's private secretary, will contribute to *The Century* for February an article on the Gettysburg Address, accompanied by a facsimile of the original manuscript there printed for the first time. This article will probably settle various disputed points about the writing, delivery and correct text of this famous address.

—The eight instalments of "Tribly," Mr. du Maurier's new story in *Harper's*, will each be illustrated with fifteen drawings by the author. The May magazine will contain a story of America and Tangier, by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in which American types are set against an Arabian background.

—Mr. Joel Chandler Harris has made a thorough investigation of the devastation, suffering and relief on the Sea Islands off the coast of South Carolina. Daniel Smith, the artist, accompanied him on the trip, and the result of their observations will be published in *Scribner's* for February and March. Mr. Harris's intimate knowledge of Negro life and character has aided him much in obtaining full and unreserved information.

Publications Received

Annals of the American Academy. Jan., 1894. \$1. Am. Acad. of Polit. & Social Science.
Arnold, M. Sohrab and Rustam. 12c. Maynard, Merrill & Co.
Baker, G. P. Specimens of Argumentation, Modern. 50c. H. Holt & Co.
Baker, W. B. Early Sketches of George Washington. 75c. J. B. Lippincott Co.
Bierce, A. Can Such Things Be? 50c. Cassell Pub. Co.
Birrell, A. Men, Women and Books. \$1. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Book-Song. Ed. by G. White. \$1.25. A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Bourinot, J. G. Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness. Montreal: Foster Brown & Co.
Bower, M. Paynton Jacks, Gentleman. \$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.
Bureau of Statistics of Labor. Ninth and Tenth Annual Reports, 1891-92. Albany: J. B. Lyon.

Burton, R. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Ed. by A. R. Shilleto. 3 vols. \$12.50. Macmillan & Co.
 Cameron, L. *A Tragic Blunder*. \$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.
 Carpenter, W. B. *Son of Man among the Sons of Men*. \$1.50. T. Whitaker.
 Cheney, J. V. *Ninette*. \$1.50. San Francisco: Wm. Doxey.
 Church Congress Papers and Speeches, 1893. \$1. T. Whitaker.
 Coleridge, S. T., *Selections from Prose Writings*. Ed. by H. A. Beers. 3 vols. H. Holt & Co.
 Coriolanus. Ed. by T. Page. 2d. 6d. Modest & Paig.
 Craig, M. L. *Is Legislation Needed for Women?* Privately Printed.
 Daudet, A., *Contes de*. Ed. by A. G. Cameron. 80c. H. Holt & Co.
 Dogs and the Fleas. 10c. Chicago: D. McCullum.
 Doneghy, M. W. P. *Feast of Skeletons*. Springfield, Mo.: Chas. Nevatt.
 Doudney, S. *When We Two Parted*. \$1.50. E. P. Dutton & Co.
 Fortier, A. *Littérature Française*. \$1. H. Holt & Co.
 Freytag, G. *Karl der Grosse*. Ed. by A. B. Nichols. 75c. H. Holt & Co.
 Flint, H. *Protection of Woodlands*. Tr. by J. Nisbet. \$3.50. W. R. Jenkins.
 Harrison, A. J. *Ascent of Faith*. \$1.75. T. Whitaker.
 Hazlitt, W. *Spirit of the Age*. \$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Hoffman, C. F. *Christ, the Patron of all True Education*. The Library a Divine Child. \$1.50. E. & J. B. Young & Co.

Hollander, J. H. *Cincinnati Southern Railway*. Memorial of Lucius S. Merriam. \$1. Johns Hopkins Press.
 Hugo, V., *Selections from*. Ed. by F. M. Warren. 70c. H. Holt & Co.
 Kettle, R. M. *Rose, Shamrock and Thistle*. \$2. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Ladd, G. T. *Psychology; Descriptive and Explanatory*. \$4.00. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Lang, A. *St. Andrews*. \$5. Longmans, Green & Co.
 Le Gallienne, R. *Religion of a Literary Man*. \$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Lewis, A. H. *Roman Catholics and the Sabbath*. Am. Sabbath Tract Soc'y.
 Macpherson, H. A., and others. *The Partridge*. \$1.75. Longmans, Green & Co.
 Murray, D. *Story of Japan*. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Ouida. *Two Offenders*. \$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.
 Reardon, T. H. *Petrarch, and other Essays*. \$1.50. San Francisco: Wm. Doxey.
 Shakespeare, W., *Tragedies of*. 7 vols. 75c. each. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Strong, J. C. *Wah-Ke-Nah and her People*. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Symonds, J. A. *Short History of the Renaissance in Italy*. \$1.75. H. Holt & Co.
 Thoreau, H. D. *Summer. Autumn. Winter*. Ed. by H. G. O. Blake. 3 vols. \$1.50 each. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Wawn, W. T. *South Sea Islanders*. \$4. Macmillan & Co.
 Yonge, C. M. *Hair of Redclyffe*. Rand, McNally & Co.

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